

Hannah More
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T H E
S E A R C H
A F T E R
H A P P I N E S S :
A
P A S T O R A L D R A M A .

T H E E I G H T H E D I T I O N .

“ To rear the tender thought,
“ To teach the young idea how to shoot,
“ To pour the fresh instruction o’er the mind,
“ To breathe th’ enliv’ning Spirit, and to fix
“ The gen’rous Purpose in the *Female* breast.”

THOMPSON.

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LETTER

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1941-1942

TO
Mrs. GWATKIN.

DEAR MADAM,

AS the following little poem turns chiefly on the danger of *delay*, or *error*, in the important article of *Education*, I know not to whom I can, with more propriety, dedicate it, than to you, as the subject it inculcates has been one of the principal objects of your attention in your own family. Let not the name of *dedication* alarm you: I am not going to offend you by making your eulogium. Panegyric is only necessary to suspicious, or common Characters: Virtue will not accept it; modesty will not offer it.

The

The friendship with which you have honoured me from my childhood, will, I flatter myself, induce you to pardon me for venturing without your permission, to lay before you this public testimony of my esteem, and to assure you, how much I am,

Dear Madam,

Your obedient,

and obliged humble Servant,

BRISTOL,
May 10, 1773.

HANNAH MORE.

P R E F A C E.

*I*T has been so hackney'd a practice for Authors to pretend, that imperfect copies of their works had crept abroad, that the writer of the following Pastoral is almost ashamed to alledge this, as the real cause of the present publication. This little poem was composed several years ago, (the Author's age eighteen) and recited at that Time, and since, by a party of young Ladies, for which purpose it was originally written; by this means some mutilated copies were circulated, unknown to the Author, through many Hands.

She is sensible it has many imperfections, but if it may be happily instrumental in promoting a regard to Religion and Virtue in the minds of
young

young persons, and afford them an innocent, and perhaps not altogether unuseful amusement in the exercise of recitation, the end for which it was originally composed, and her utmost wish in it's publication, will be fully answered.

THE

The P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by a young Lady at a private Representation:

*W*ITH trembling diffidence, with modest fear,
Before this gentle audience we appear.
Ladies! survey us with a tender eye,
Put on good nature, and lay judgment by.
No deep laid Plot adorns our humble page,
But scenes adapted to our sex and age.
Simplicity is all our author's aim,
She does not write, nor do we speak for fame.
To make Amusement and Instruction friends,
A lesson in the guise of play she sends;
She claims no merit, but her love of truth,
No plea to favour, but her sex and youth;
With these alone to boast, she sends me here,
To beg your kind, indulgent, partial ear.
Of critic man she could not stand the test,
But you with softer, gentler hearts are blest'd.
With him she dares not rest her feeble cause,
A mark too low for satire or applause.

*Ladies protect her—do not be satyric,
Spare censure, she expects not panegyric.*

The Characters of the Pastoral.

EUPHELIA,	}	Four Young Ladies of Distinction in Search of Happiness.
CLEORA,		
PASTORELLA,		
LAURINDA,		

URANIA,	An ancient Shepherdess.
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SYLVIA,	}	Her Daughters
ELIZA,		

FLORELLA,	A young Shepherdess.
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THE
SEARCH after HAPPINESS:
A PASTORAL DRAMA.

SCENE, A GROVE.

EUPHELIA, CLEORA, PASTORELLA, LAURINDA.

CLEORA.

WELCOME, ye humble vales, ye flow'ry shades,
Ye chrystal fountains, and ye silent glades !
From the gay misery of the thoughtless great,
The walks of folly, the disease of state ;
From scenes, where daring guilt triumphant reigns,
It's dark suspicions, and it's hoard of pains ;
Where pleasure never comes without alloy,
And art but thinly paints fallacious joy ;
Where languor loads the day, excess the night,
And dull satiety succeeds delight ;
Where midnight vices their fell orgies keep,
And guilty revels scare the phantom Sleep ;

B 2

Where

Where *Dissipation* wears the name of bliss ;
From these we fly in search of Happiness.

E U P H E L I A.

Not the tir'd Pilgrim, all his dangers past,
When he descries the long-sought shrine at last,
E'er felt a joy so pure, as this fair field,
These peaceful shades, and smiling vallies yield ;
For sure these oaks, which old as time appear,
Proclaim URANIA's lonely dwelling near.

P A S T O R E L L A.

How the description with the scene agrees !
Here lowly thickets, there aspiring trees,
The hazel copse excluding noon-day's beam,
The tufted arbor, the pellucid stream ;
The blooming sweet-briar, and the hawthorn shade,
The springing cowslips and the daisied mead,
The wild luxuriance of the full-blown fields,
Which Spring prepares, and laughing Summer yields,

E U P H E L L A.

Here simple nature strikes the enraptur'd eye
With charms, which wealth and art but ill supply ;
The genuine graces, which *without* we find,
Display the beauty of the owner's *mind*,

L A U.

L A U R I N D A.

These deep embow'ring shades conceal the cell
 Where sage URANIA and her daughters dwell:
 FLORELLA too, if right we've heard the tale,
 With *them* resides—the lilly of the vale.

C L E O R A.

But soft, what gentle female form appears,
 Which smiles of more than mortal beauty wears?
 It is the guardian genius of the grove?
 Or some fair Angel from the choirs above?

Enter FLORELLA, who speaks.

Whom do I see?—ye beauteous virgins say,
 What chance conducts your steps this lonely way?
 Do you pursue some fav'rite lambkin stray'd,
 Or do yon alders court you to their shade?
 Declare, fair strangers, if aright I deem,
 No rustic nymphs of vulgar rank you seem.

C L E O R A.

No cooling shades allure our eager sight,
 Nor lambkins lost, our searching steps invite.

F L O R E L L A.

Or is it, haply, yonder branching vine,
 Whose trunk the woodbine's fragrant tendrils twine.
 Whose

Whose spreading height, with purple clusters
crown'd,

Attracts the gaze of every nymph around ?

Have these lone regions aught that charms beside ?

FLORELLA's shades, her flow'rs, her fleecy pride ?

E U P H E L I A.

FLORELLA ! our united thanks receive, .
Sole proof of gratitude we have to give ;
And since you deign to ask, O courteous fair,
The motive of our unremitting care :
Know then, 'tis *Happiness* we would obtain,
That fairest prize our fondest wish would gain ;
By Fancy's mimic pencil oft pourtray'd,
Still have we woo'd the visionary maid,
The lovely phantom mocks our eager eyes,
And still we chace, and still we miss the prize.

C L E O R A.

Long have we search'd throughout this boun-
teous isle,
With constant ardor and with ceaseless toil ;
The various ways of various life we've try'd,
But Peace, sweet Peace, hath ever been deny'd.
We've sought in vain thro' ev'ry different state,
The rich, the poor, the lowly, and the great,

Doth

Doth she with Kings in palaces reside,
 Or dwell obscurely, far from pomp and pride ?
 To learn this truth, we've bid a long adieu
 To all the shadows blinded men pursue.
 —We seek URANIA, her whose virtues fire
 Our virgin hearts to *be* what we *admire* :
 Fair fame hath blazon'd her accomplish'd mind,
 The lovely mansion of the graces join'd ;
 For tho' with care she shuns the public eye,
 Yet worth like *her's* unknown can never lie.

L A U R I N D A.

On such a fair and faultless model form'd,
 By prudence guided, and by virtue warm'd,
 Perhaps, FLORELLA, can direct our youth,
 And point our footsteps to the paths of truth ?

F L O R E L L A.

Ill would it suit my unexperienc'd age
 In such important questions to engage,
 Young as I am, unskilful to discern,
 Nor fit to teach, who yet have much to learn ;
 But would you with maturer years advise,
 And reap the counsel of the truly wise,

The

The Dame you seek inhabits yonder cell;
 In *her* united worth and wisdom dwell,
 Poor, not dejected; humble, yet not mean;
 Cheerful, tho' grave, and lively tho' serene,
 Benevolent, kind, pious, gentle, just,
 Reason her guide, and Providence her trust;
 If Heav'n, indulgent to her little store,
 Adds to that little, but a little more,
 With pious praise her grateful heart o'erflows,
 And sweetly mitigates the sufferer's woes.
 Her labors for devotion best prepare,
 And meek devotion smoothe the brow of care.

Two lovely daughters make her little state,
 The dearest blessings of propitious fate.
 Under her kind protecting wing I live:
 She gives to all—for she hath much to give,
 Since Heav'n hath blest her with an ample *heart*,
 That Wisdom's noblest treasures can impart;
 But, just in all its dispensations, join'd
 A narrow fortune to a noble mind.

PASTORELLA:

Her bright perfections charm my list'ning ear!
 Elate with hope, we come to seek her here:

Then

Then lead, FLORELLA, to that humble shed,
Where Peace resides, from courts and cities fled.

A S O N G.

I.

*O Happiness, celestial fair,
Our earliest hope, our latest care,
O hear our fond request;
Vouchsafe reluctant Nymph, to tell
On what sweet spot thou lov'st to dwell,
And make us truly blest.*

II.

*Amidst the walks of public life,
The toils of wealth, ambition's strife,
We long have sought in vain;
The crouded city's noisy din,
And all the busy haunts of men,
Afford but care and pain.*

III.

*Pleas'd with the soft the soothing pow'r
Of calm reflection's silent hour,
Sequester'd dost thou dwell?*

C

Where

*Where care and tumult ne'er intrude,
Dost thou reside with Solitude,
Thy humble votaries tell?*

IV.

*O Happiness, celestial fair,
Our earliest hope, our latest care,
Let us not sue in vain;
O deign to bear our fond request,
Come take possession of our breast,
And there for ever reign.*

[They retire,

SCENE, the GROVE.

URANIA, SYLVIA, ELIZA.

A SONG by SYLVIA.

I.

*SWEET Solitude, thou placid Queen
Of modest air, and brow serene,
'Tis thou inspir'st the Sage's themes,
The Poet's visionary dreams.*

II.

*Parent of Virtue nurse of Thought!
By thee were Saints and Patriarchs taught,
Wisdom from thee her treasures drew,
And in thy lap fair Science grew.*

III.

*Whate'er exalts, refines and charms,
Invites to thought, to virtue warms,
Whate'er is perfect, fair and good,
We owe to thee sweet Solitude!*

IV.

*In these blest shades thou dost maintain
Thy peaceful, unmolested reign;*

*No turbulent desires intrude
On thy repose, sweet Solitude!*

V.

*With thee the charm of life shall last,
E'en when it's rosy bloom is past,
And when slow-pacing Time shall spread
It's silver blossoms o'er my head;*

VI.

*No more with this vain world perplex'd,
Thou shalt prepare me for the next;
The springs of life shall gently cease,
And Angels point the way to peace.*

U R A N I A.

Ye tender objects of maternal love,
Ye dearest joys URANIA e'er can prove;
Behold another chearful morn arise!
Behold the Sun, all-glorious mount the skies!
Say, can you see this animating light,
Without a fervent, pious, calm delight?
Does not that Sun, whose all-prolific ray
Inspires each object to be light and gay,
Does not that vivid pow'r teach ev'ry mind,
To be as warm, benevolent and kind,

To

To burn with unremitted ardor still,
 Like *him* to execute their Maker's will ?
 Then, let us, Power Supreme ! thy will adore,
 Invoke thy mercies, and proclaim thy pow'r ;
 Shalt thou these benefits *in vain* bestow ?
 Shall we forget the source from whence they flow ?
 Teach us thro' these to lift our hearts to Thee,
 And in the Gift the bounteous Giver see ;
 To view Thee, as thou art, all good and wise,
 Nor let thy Blessings hide Thee from our eyes ;
 From all obstructions clear our mental sight,
 Pour on our souls thy beatific light ;
 Teach us thy wond'rous goodness to revere,
 With love to worship, and with rev'rence fear ;
 In the *mild* works of thy *benignant* hand,
 As in the *thunder* of thy dread command ;
 In *common* objects we neglect thy pow'r,
 Nor heed a miracle in ev'ry flow'r ;
 Yet neither hurricanes, nor storms proclaim
 In *louder* language, thy Almighty Name.
 —Tell me, my first, my last, my darling care,
 If you this morn have rais'd your hearts in pray'r ?
 Say, did you rise from the sweet bed of rest,
 Your God unprais'd, his holy name unblest ?

S Y L V I A.

Our minds with gratitude and reverence fraught
By those pure precepts you have ever taught,
By your example more than precept strong,
Of pray'r and praise have tun'd our matin song.

E L I Z A.

And now, once more, with usual joy, attend
The counsels of our fond maternal friend.

Enter FLORELLA, with EUPHELIA, CLEORA, PASTORELLA, LAURINDA.

FLORELLA, (*aside to the Ladies.*)

See how the goodly dame with pious art,
Makes every thing a lesson to the heart!
Observe the duteous list'ners, how they stand!
Improvement and delight go hand in hand.

U R A N I A.

But where's FLORELLA?

F L O R E L L A.

Here's the happy she,
Whom Heav'n most favor'd when it gave her thee.

U R A N I A.

But who are these in whose attractive mien,
So sweetly blended, ev'ry grace is seen?

Speak,

Speak, my FLORELLA, say the cause why here
These beauteous damsels on our plains appear ?

F L O R E L L A.

Invited hither by URANIA's fame,
To seek her friendship, to these shades they came.
Straying alone at morning's earliest dawn,
I met them wandering on the verdant lawn ;
Their courteous manners soon engag'd my love,
I've brought them here your sage advice to prove.

U R A N I A.

Tell me, ye gentle nymphs, the reason tell,
Which brings such guests to grace my lowly cell ;
Ask what we have to give—it is not our's,
Heav'n has but lent it us to make it your's.

C L E O R A.

Your counsel, your advice is all we ask,
And for URANIA that's no irksome task ;
'Tis HAPPINESS we seek : O deign to tell,
Where the coy fugitive delights to dwell ?

U R A N I A.

Ah, rather say, where you have sought this guest,
This lovely inmate of the virtuous breast ?

Declare

Declare the various methods you've essay'd
 To court, and win the bright celestial maid.
 But first, tho' harsh the task, each beauteous fair
 Her ruling passion must with truth declare.

E U P H E L I A.

Bred in the regal splendors of a court,
 Where pleasures dress'd in ev'ry shape, resort;
 I try'd the pow'r of pomp and costly glare,
 Nor e'er found room for thought, or time for pray'r;
 In different follies every hour I spent,
 Without reflection whence could rise content?
 My hours were shar'd betwixt the Park and Play,
 And music serv'd to waste the tedious day;
 Yet softest airs no more with joy I heard,
 Soon as some sweeter warbler was preferr'd;
 The dance succeeded, and succeeding tir'd,
 If some more graceful dancer was admir'd?
 No sounds but flattery ever sooth'd my ear,
 Ungentle truths I knew not how to bear;
 In drawing-rooms my dull, pale vigils spent,
 I fondly fought, but found not *there* Content;
 The Syren mock'd me with delusive charms,
 I grasp'd—the shadow fled my eager arms.

The

The scorpion Envy goaded still my breast,
 Some newer beauty robb'd my soul of rest ;
 Or, if my elegance of form prevail'd,
 And haply her inferior graces fail'd ;
 Yet still some cause of wretchedness I found,
 Some barbed shaft my shatter'd peace to wound :
 Perhaps her gay attire exceeded mine—
 When she was *finer* how could I be *fine* ?

S Y L V I A.

Pardon my interruption, beauteous maid !
 Can truth have prompted what you just have said ?
 Do you believe it possible, that *dress*
 Can lessen, or advance your Happiness ;
 Or that your robes, tho' splendid, rich, and fine,
 Possess intrinsic value more than mine ?

U R A N I A.

So close our nature is to vice allied,
 Our very comforts are the source of pride ;
 Too much we move by *Custom's* slavish rule,
 Too often *Fashion* constitutes the fool.

C L E O R A.

Of Happiness unfound I too complain,
 Sought in a different path, but sought in vain :

D

I sigh'd

I sigh'd for *fame*, I languish'd for renown,
 I wou'd be prais'd, carefs'd, admir'd, and known.
 On daring wing my mounting spirit soar'd,
 And science thro' her boundless fields explor'd:
 I scorn'd the falique laws of pedant schools,
 Which chain our genius down by tasteless rules:
 I long'd to burst these female bonds, which held
 My sex in awe, by thirst of fame impell'd;
 To boast each various faculty of mind,
 Thy graces, POPE! with JOHNSON's learning join'd:
 Like SWIFT, with strongly pointed ridicule,
 To brand the villain, and abash the fool:
 To judge with taste, with spirit to compose,
 Now mount in epic, now descend to prose;
 Steal flow'rs from BURKE, at once *sublime* and *sweet*,
 From MASON numbers, and from COLMAN wit;
 Thy talents MELMOTH; HUME, thy polish'd page!
 All HAMMOND's softness, and all DRYDEN's rage;
 I pin'd for passion, sentiment, and stile,
 To weep with OTWAY, and with GOLDSMITH smile:
 With poignant STERNE to laugh the hours away,
 Or court the muse of elegy with GRAY,
 With LANGHORNE, fancy's fairy fields to range,
 And charm, like LANGHORNE, howsoe'er I change.

U R A-

U R A N I A.

Who aims at *every* science soon will find
The field how vast, how limited the mind!

C L E O R A.

Abstruser studies soon my fancy caught,
The poet in th' astronomer forgot :
The schoolmen's systems now my mind employ'd,
Their chrystal Spheres, their Atoms, and their Void:
NEWTON, and HALLEY all my soul inspir'd,
And *numbers* less than *calculations* fir'd ;
DESCARTES, and EUCLID shar'd my varying breast,
And plans and problems all my soul possess'd :
Less pleas'd to sing inspiring Phœbus' ray,
Than mark the flaming comet's devious way.
The pale moon dancing on the silver stream,
And the mild lustre of her trembling beam,
No more could charm my philosophic pride,
Which fought her influence on the flowing tide ;
No more *ideal* beauties fir'd my thought,
Which only *facts* and *demonstrations* fought ;
“ Let common eyes, I said, with transport view,
“ The earth's bright verdure, or the Heav'ns soft
blue,

" False is the pleasure, the delight is vain,

" Colours exist but in the *vulgar* brain."

I now with LOCKE trod *metaphysic* soil,

Now chas'd coy nature thro' the tracts of BOYLE ;

Sigh'd for their fame, but fear'd to share their toil. }

The laurel wreath, in fond idea twin'd,

To grace my learned temples I design'd.

These were my notions, these my constant themes,

My daily longings, and my nightly dreams ;

The thirst of fame my bosom robb'd of rest,

Too small the mansion for so great a guest.

P A S T O R E L L A:

To me, no joys cou'd pomp, or fame impart,

Far softer thoughts possess'd my virgin heart.

No prudent parent form'd my ductile youth,

Nor pointed out the lovely paths of truth.

Left to myself to cultivate my mind,

Pernicious *novels* their soft entrance find :

Their pois'nous influence led my mind astray,

I sigh'd for something, what, I could not say ;

I fancy'd virtues, which were never seen,

And dy'd for heroes, who have never been ;

I sicken'd

I sicken'd with disgust at sober sense,
And loath'd the pleasures worth and truth dispense;
Contemn'd the manners of the world I saw,
My guide was fiction, and romance my law.
Strange images my wand'ring fancy fill,
Each wind a zephyr, and each brook a rill;
I found adventures in each common tale,
And talk'd and sigh'd to ev'ry passing gale,
Convers'd with echoes, woods, and shades, and
bow'rs,
Cascades, and grottoes, fields, and streams, and
flow'rs:

E L I Z A, (*to* U R A N I A.)

Preserve me from the errors of deceit,
And all the dangers wealth and beauty meet !

P A S T O R E L L A.

Reason perverted, Fancy on her throne,
My soul to all my sex's softness prone ;
I neither spoke, nor look'd as mortal ought,
By sense abandon'd and by folly taught :
A victim to imagination's sway,
Which stole my health, and rest, and peace away.
Professions, void of meaning, I receiv'd,
And still I found them false—and still believ'd :
Imagin'd

Imagin'd all who courted me, approv'd,
 Who prais'd, esteem'd me, and who flatter'd, lov'd;
 Fondly I hop'd (now vain those hopes appear,)
 Each man was faithful and each maid sincere.
 Still, disappointment mock'd the ling'ring day;
 Still, new-born wishes led my soul astray.

When in the rolling year no joy I find,
 I trust the *next*, the *next* will sure be kind;
 The next, fallacious as the *last* appears,
 And sends me on to still *remoter* years,
 They come—they promise, but forget to give;
 I *live* not, but I still *intend* to live.

At length, deceiv'd in all my schemes of bliss,
 I join'd these *three* in search of Happiness.

E L I Z A.

Is this the world of which we want a fight?
 Are these the beings who are call'd polite?

S Y L V I A.

If so, oh gracious Heav'n! hear SYLVIA's pray'r,
 Preserve me still in humble virtue here!
 Far from such baneful pleasures may I live,
 And keep, O keep me from the taint they give!

L A U.

L A U R I N D A.

'Till now I've slept on life's tumultuous tide,
 No principle of action for my guide;
 From *ignorance* my chief misfortunes flow,
 I never wish'd to learn, or car'd to know;
 With ev'ry folly slow pac'd time beguil'd,
 In size a woman, but in soul a child;
 In slothful ease my moments crept away,
 And busy trifles fill'd the tedious day;
 I liv'd extempore, as fancy fir'd,
 As chance directed, or caprice inspir'd:
 Too indolent to think, too weak to chuse,
 Too soft to blame, too gentle to refuse;
 I took my colouring from the world around,
 The figures they, my mind the simple ground:
 Fashion, with monst'rous forms, the canvas stain'd,
 'Till nothing of my genuine self remain'd;
 My pliant soul from chance receiv'd its bent,
 And neither good perform'd, or evil meant:
 From right to wrong, from vice to virtue thrown,
 No character possessing of it's own.

Tho' more to folly, than to guilt inclin'd,
 A drear vacuity possess'd my mind.

Too

Too old to be with infant sports amus'd,
 Unfit for converse, and to books unus'd ;
 The wife avoided me, they could not hear
 My senseless prattle with a patient ear.

Disgusted, restless, every plan amiss,
 I come with these in search of Happiness.

C L E O R A.

We thus united by one common fate,
 Resolv'd on virtue, if not yet too late,
 Have form'd a friendship, which thro' life shall last,
 And vows, and choice, and love have bound it fast.
 Each left her title and exchange'd her name,
 More anxious now for virtue than for fame.

U R A N I A.

Your candor, beauteous damsels, I approve,
 Your foibles pity, and your merits love.

How few, O sacred virtue ! can acquire
 That heart-felt transport thy pure flames inspire !
 But ere I say the methods you must try
 To gain the glorious prize for which you sigh,
 Your fainting strength and spirits must be cheer'd
 With a plain meal, by temperance prepar'd.

F L O-

F L O R E L L A.

No luxury our humble board attends,
But love and concord are it's smiling friends.

A S O N G,

By F L O R E L L A.

I.

*HAIL, artless Simplicity, beautiful maid,
In the genuine attractions of nature array'd;
Let the rich, and the proud, and the gay and the vain,
Still laugh at the graces that move in thy train;*

II.

*No charm in thy modest allurements they find,
The pleasures they follow a sting leave behind:
Can criminal passion enrapture the breast
Like virtue, with peace, and serenity blest?*

III.

*O wou'd you Simplicity's precepts attend,
Like us with delight at her altar you'd bend,
The pleasures she yields would with joy be embrac'd,
You'd practise from virtue, and love them from taste.*

E

The

IV.

*The linnet enchants us, the bushes among;
Tho' cheap the musician, yet sweet is the song;
We catch the soft warbling in air as it floats,
And with extacy hang on the ravishing notes.*

V.

*Our water is drawn from the clearest of springs,
And our food, nor disease, nor satiety brings;
Our mornings are chearful, our labours are blest,
Our ev'nings are pleasant, our nights crown'd with rest.*

VI.

*From our culture yon' garden it's ornament finds,
And we catch at the hint for improving our minds;
To live to some purpose we constantly try,
And we mark by our actions the days as they fly.*

VII.

*Since such are the joys that Simplicity yields,
We may well be content with our woods and our fields:
How useless to us then, ye great, were your wealth,
When without it we purchase both pleasure and health.*

(They retire into the Cottage.)

SCENE, A RURAL ENTERTAINMENT.

FLORELLA, EUPHELIA, CLEORA, LAURINDA,
and PASTORELLA.

A S O N G,

By F L O R E L L A.

I.

*WHILE Beauty and Pleasure are now in their
prime,
And Folly and Fashion expect our whole time,
Ah! let not those phantoms our wishes engage,
Let us live so in youth that we blush not in age.*

II.

*'Tho' the vain and the gay may attend us awhile,
Yet let not their flattery our prudence beguile,
Let us covet those charms that will never decay,
Nor listen to all, that deceivers can say;*

III.

*" How the tints of the rose, and the jass'mine's
perfume,
" The eglantine's fragrance, the lilac's gay bloom,
" Tho' fair and tho' fragrant unheeded may lie,
" For that neither is sweet when FLORELLA is by."*

IV. SCENE. A RURAL PASTURE.

*I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,
But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health,
Then, richer than Kings, and as happy as they,
My days shall pass sweetly and swiftly away.*

V.

*When age shall steel on me and youth is no more,
And the moralist Time shakes his glass at my door,
What charm in lost beauty or wealth shou'd I find?
My treasure, my wealth is a sweet peace of mind.*

VI.

*That peace I'll preserve then, as pure as 'twas giv'n,
And taste in my bosom an earnest of Heav'n;
For Virtue and Wisdom can warm the cold scene,
And sixty may flourish, as gay as sixteen.*

VII.

*And when long I the burthen of life shall have borne,
And death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn,
Resign'd to my fate, without murmur or sigh,
I'll blest the kind summons, and lie down and die.*

E U.

EUPHELLA.

Thus sweetly pass the hours of rural ease !
 Here life is bliss, and pleasures truly please !

PASTORELLA.

With joy we view the dangers we have past,
 Assur'd we've found *Felicity* at last.

FLORELLA.

Expect not *perfect Happiness* below,
 Nor heav'nly plants on earth's low soil to grow.
 Esteem none happy by their outward air ;
 All have their portion of allotted care ;
 Tho' Prudence wears the semblance of content
 When the full heart with agony is rent ;
 Secludes it's anguish from the public sight,
 And feeds on sorrow with a sad delight :
 Shuns ev'ry eye to cherish darling grief,
 This fond indulgence it's supreme relief.
 By love directed and in mercy meant,
 Are trials suffer'd, and afflictions sent ;
 To stem impetuous passion's furious tide,
 To curb the insolence of prosp'rous pride,
 To wean from earth, and bid our wishes soar
 To that blest clime where pain shall be no more,

Where

Where wearied virtue shall for refuge fly,
And ev'ry tear be wip'd from ev'ry eye.

C L E O R A.

Lift'ning to you my heart can never cease,
To rev'rence Virtue, and to sigh for peace.

F L O R E L L A.

Know, ev'n URANIA, that accomplish'd Fair,
Whose goodness makes her Heav'n's peculiar care,
Full oft', e'er she her present peace attain'd,
The bitter cup of woe hath deeply drain'd,
With streaming eyes hath mourn'd a husband dead,
With feeble hands hath earn'd her infants bread.
In affluence born, and bred in splendid state,
Hath felt the cruellest extreme of fate;
Yet meek, resign'd and patient in distress,
She knew the hand which wounds, hath pow'r to
bless:

Instead of murmuring at his sacred will,
Grateful she bow'd for what was left her still.
He, who our frail mortality did bear,
Tho' free from *sin*, was not exempt from *care*;
Taught by his precepts, by his practice taught,
Her will submitted, and resign'd her thought,
Thro'

Thro' faith she look'd beyond these earthly scenes
To where nor pain nor sorrow intervenes.

Enter URANIA, SYLVIA, ELIZA.

U R A N I A.

Since, gentle Nymphs, my friendship to obtain,
You've sought this peaceful, this sequester'd plain,
My honest council with attention hear,
Tho' plain, well-meant, imperfect, yet sincere;
What from maturer years alone I've known,
What time has taught me, and experience shewn;
No polish'd phrase my artless speech will grace,
But unaffected candor fill it's place:
My lips shall flattery's smooth deceit refuse;
And truth be all the eloquence I'll use.
Know then, that life's chief happiness and woe,
From good, or evil *Education* flow,
And hence our future dispositions rise,
The vice we practice, or the good we prize.
When pliant nature any form receives,
That precept teaches, or example gives,
The yielding mind with virtue thou'd be grac'd,
For first impressions seldom are effac'd.

If

If Ignorance then her iron sway maintain,
 If prejudice preside, or passion reign,
 The erring principle is rooted fast,
 And fix'd the temper that thro' life may last.

P A S T O R E L L A.

With heart-felt penitence we now deplore
 Those squander'd hours, that time can ne'er restore.

U R A N I A.

EUPHELIA sighs for *flattery, dress, and show,*
 Too common sources these of *female woe!*
 In *Beauty's* sphere pre-eminence to find,
 She flights the culture of th' immortal *mind;*
 I would not rail at beauty's charming pow'r,
 I would but have her aim at something more;
 Beauty with reason needs not quite dispense,
 And coral lips may sure speak common sense;
 Beauty makes virtue lovelier still appear,
 Virtue makes beauty more divinely fair!
 Confirms it's conquest o'er the willing mind,
 And those your beauties gain, your virtues bind.
 Yet would Ambition's Fire your bosom fill,
 It's flame repress not—be ambitious still;

Let

Let nobler views your best attention claim,
 The object chang'd, the passion be the same:
 Indulge the true ambition to excel
 In that best Art, the Art of living well.

E U P H E L I A.

Unhappy those to bliss who seek the way,
 In pow'r superior, or in splendor gay !
 Inform'd by thee, no more vain man shall find
 The charm of flattery taint EUPHELIA's mind ;
 By thee instructed still my views shall rise,
 Nor stop at any mark beneath the skies.

U R A N I A.

In fair LAURINDA's uninstructed mind
 The want of culture, not of sense we find ;
 Be Wisdom therefore your peculiar care,
 Nor waste the precious hours in vain despair,
 Associate with the good, attend the sage,
 And meekly listen to experienc'd age,
 What, if acquirements you have fail'd to gain,
 Such, as the wise may want, the bad attain,
 Know, that *Religion's* sacred treasures lie,
 Inviting, open, plain to ev'ry eye,

F

For

For ev'ry age, for ev'ry genius fit,
 Nor limited to Science, or to Wit;
 To elevated talents not confin'd,
 But all may learn the truths for all design'd;
 She calls, solicits, courts you to be blest,
 And points to mansions of eternal rest.

And when, advanc'd in years, matur'd in sense,
 Think not with farther care you may dispense;
 'Tis fatal to the interests of the soul
 To stop the race before we've reach'd the goal,
 For nought our higher progress can preclude
 So much as thinking we're already good;
 Then place the standard of fair Virtue high,
 Pursue, and grasp it e'en beyond the sky.

L A U R I N D A.

O that important Time cou'd back return
 Those mispent hours, whose loss I deeply mourn;
 Accept, just Heav'n, my penitence sincere,
 My heart-felt anguish, and my fervent pray'r.

U R A N I A.

I pity PASTORELLA's hapless fate,
 By nature gentle, generous, mild, yet great;

One

One false propension all her pow'rs confin'd,
 And chain'd her finer faculties of mind;
 Yet ev'ry virtue might have flourish'd there
 With early culture, and *maternal* care.

If *Good* we plant not, *Vice* will fill the mind,
 And weeds despoil the space for flow'rs design'd.
 The human heart ne'er knows a state of rest,
 Bad tends to worse, and better leads to best;
 We either gain or loose, we sink or rise,
 Nor rests our struggling nature, 'till she dies;
 Those very passions, that our peace invade,
 If rightly pointed, blessings may be made;
 Then rise, my friend, above terrestrial aims,
 Direct the ardor, which your breast inflames,
 To that pure region of eternal joys,
 Where fear disturbs not, nor possession cloy;
 Beyond what fancy forms of rosy bow'rs,
 Or blooming chaplets of unfading flow'rs;
 Fairer, than e'er imagination drew,
 Or poet's warmest visions ever knew;
 Press eager onward to those blissful plains,
 Where one unbounded Spring for ever reigns.

P A S T O R E L L A.

I mourn the errors of my thoughtless youth,
And long, with thee, to tread the paths of truth.

U R A N I A.

Learning is all the fair CLEORA's aim,
She seeks the loftiest pinnacle of Fame:
Wou'd she the privilege of *Man* invade?
Science for *female* minds was never made,
Taste, *elegance*, and talents, may be our's,
But *learning* suits not our less vig'rous powers:
Learning but roughens, polish'd *Taste* refines,
DACIER less lovely, than SEVIGNE shines;
Know, fair Aspirer, cou'd you ever hope
To speak like STONEHOUSE, or to write like POPE,
To join like FERNEY's, or like HAGLEY's Sage,
Th' Historic, Ethic, and Poetic page,
With all the powers of Wit and Judgment fraught,
The flow of stile, and the sublime of thought;
Yet, if the milder graces of the mind,
Graces peculiar to the *sex* design'd,
Good-nature, patience, sweetness void of art,
If these embellish'd not your virgin heart,

You

You might be *dazzling*, but not truly *bright*,
A pompous glare, but not an useful light,
A *Meteor*, not a *star* you would appear,
For *Woman* shines but in her *proper* sphere.

Accomplishments by Heaven were first design'd
Less to adorn, than to amend the mind;
Each shou'd contribute to the general end,
And all to virtue, as their centre tend;
Th' acquirements, which our best esteem invite,
Shou'd not project, but soften, mix, unite;
In glaring light not strongly be display'd,
But sweetly lost, and melted into shade.

C L E O R A.

Confus'd with shame to thy reproofs I bend,
Thou best adviser, and thou truest friend!
From thee I'll learn to judge, and act aright,
Humility with *Knowledge* to unite,
The *finish'd* character must *both* combine,
The *perfect Woman* must in either shine.

U R A N I A.

FLORELLA shines adorn'd with every grace,
Her heart all virtue, as all charms her face:

Above

Above the wretched, and below the great,
 Kind Heaven has fix'd her in a middle state;
 From rich, and poor, at equal distance thrown,
 The smile invidious, and th' insulting frown;
 The Dæmon *Fashion* never warp'd her soul,
 Her passions move at *Reason's* wise controul,
 Her eyes the movements of her heart declare,
 For what she dares to *be*, she dares *appear*;
 Unlectur'd in dissimulation's school,
 To smile by precept, and to blush by rule.
 Reason in *her* to pure religion tends,
 Subservient only to the noblest ends;
 True piety's the magnet of her soul,
 Which upward points, immortal bliss the pole.

She smooths the path of my declining years,
 Augments my comforts, and divides my cares.

P A S T O R E L L A.

O sacred friendship, O exalted state!
 The choicest bounty of indulgent fate!

U R A N I A.

Wou'd you, ye fair, the bright example give,
 Fir'd with ambition, men like you wou'd live,

Wou'd

Wou'd chuse for merit, and esteem for sense,
 And taste the solid transports these dispense;
 No longer wou'd disdain the virtuous wife,
 Nor the dear blessings of domestic life;
 But, shunning each delusive path of sin,
 All joy without, all sweet content within;
 Would rouse at virtue's, and at honor's voice,
 And *love* from *reason*, whom they *lik'd* from *choice* :
 Then marriage wou'd with peace go hand in hand,
 And Concord's temple close to Hymen's stand.

How blest, would each to Reason's voice submit,
 Nor *Man* affect *controul*, nor *Woman*, *wit*.
 Harmonious union must for ever cease,
 If once Contention breaks the band of peace :
 Abhor beginnings—always dread the worst,
 Admit a doubt, and you're compleatly curst.
 Nor vice alone, e'en foibles may destroy
 Domestic peace, and taint the nuptial joy.

Let Woman then her *real* good discern,
 And her *true* interests of URANIA learn ;
 Her lowest name, the tyrant of an hour,
 And her best empire negligence of power :

By

By yielding she obtains the noblest sway,
And reigns securely when she seems t' obey.

E U P H E L I A.

With double grace she pleads Discretion's cause,
Who from her life her virtuous lesson draws.

U R A N I A.

As some fair violet, lovliest of the glade,
Sheds it's mild fragrance on the lonely shade,
Withdraws it's modest head from public sight,
Nor courts the Sun, nor seeks the glare of light,
Shou'd some rude hand prophanelly dare intrude,
And bear it's beauties from it's native wood,
Expos'd abroad it's languid colors fly,
It's form decays and all it's odours die.
So *Woman*, born to dignify retreat,
Unknown to flourish, and unseen be great,
To give domestic life it's sweetest charm,
With softness polish, and with virtue warm,
Fearful of Fame, unwilling to be known,
Shou'd seek but Heaven's applauses, and her own;
No censures dread, but those which crimes impart,
The censures of a self-condemning heart,

With

With Angel-kindness should behold distress,
 And meekly pity where she can't redress;
 Like beaming Mercy wipe affliction's tear,
 But to *herself* not *Justice* so severe;
 Her passions all corrected, or subdu'd,
 But one—the virtuous thirst of doing good,
 This great ambition still she calls her own,
 This best ambition makes her breast it's throne.

C L E O R A:

Let's join to bless that pow'r, who brought us
 here,
 Adore his goodness and his will revere,
 Assur'd, that *Peace* exists but in the *mind*,
 And *Piety* alone that *Peace* can find.

U R A N I A.

In it's true light this transient Life regard,
 A state of trial only, not reward;
 Tho' rough the passage, peaceful is the port,
 The bliss is perfect, the probation short.
 Of human wit beware the fatal pride,
 An useful Follower, but a dangerous Guide,
 On holy Faith's aspiring pinions rise,
 Assert your birth-right, and assume the skies.

FOUNTAIN OF BEING!—teach us to devote
 To thee, each purpose, action, word, and thought;

G

Thy

Thy grace our hope, thy love our only boast—
Be all distinctions in the CHRISTIAN lost;
Be this, in ev'ry state, our wish alone,
ALMIGHTY, WISE, and GOOD, *Thy Will be done.*

O D E
T O C H A R I T Y.

To be performed by the Characters of the Piece.

I.

O CHARITY, divinely wise,
Thou meek-ey'd Daughter of the skies!
From the pure fountain of eternal light,
Where fair, immutable, and ever bright,
The Beatific Vision shines,
And Angel with Archangel joins
In choral songs to sing his praise,
PARENT OF LIFE, ANCIENT OF DAYS.
Who was ere Time existed, and shall be
Thro' the wide round of vast Eternity,
Oh come, thy warm benevolence impart,
Enlarge my feelings, and expand my heart!

II.

O THOU, enthron'd in realms above,
Bright effluence of that boundless love

Whence

Whence joy and peace in streams unfullied flow,

Ob! deign to make thy lov'd abode below:

Tho' sweeter strains adorn'd my tongue

Than Saint conceiv'd, or Seraph sung,

And tho' my glowing fancy caught

Whatever ART, or NATURE taught,

Yet if this hard unfeeling heart of mine,

Ne'er felt thy force, O CHARITY divine!

An empty shadow Science wou'd be found,

My knowledge ignorance, my wit a sound.

III.

Tho' my prophetic spirit knew

To bring futurity to view,

Without thy aid e'en this wou'd nought avail,

For Tongues shall cease, and Prophecies shall fail:

Come then, thou sweet celestial guest,

Shed thy soft influence o'er my breast,

Bring with thee FAITH divinely bright,

And HOPE, fair harbinger of light.

To clear each mist with their pervading ray,

To fit my soul for Heav'n, and point the way

Where PERFECT HAPPINESS her sway maintains,

For there the GOD OF PEACE, for ever reigns.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by two young Ladies.

Enter FIRST LADY.

*LADIES! to-night our unexperienc'd train
Your favour courted:—Did we court in vain?
Like HAMLET'S Ghost just rising from the dead,
"With all our imperfections on our head,"
Unlectur'd in the deep theatric art,
To rouse the feelings of the pitying heart,
Unus'd to acting, and untaught to feign
The fancied pleasure and the mimic pain,
You'll wonder how we ventur'd into view,
And to say truth—I wonder at it too;
Yet think not fill'd with insolence we come,
Conscious demerit still would keep us dumb.*

Enter SECOND LADY.

*Child! we must quit these visionary scenes,
And end our follies when we end our teens,*

These

*These bagatelles we must relinquish now,
 And good matronic Gentlewomen grow :
 Fancy no more on airy wings shall rise,
 We now must scold the maids, and make the pies ;
 Verse is a folly—we must get above it,
 And yet I know not how it is—I love it.
 Tho' shou'd we still the rhyming trade pursue,
 The men will shun us,—and the women too :
 The men, poor souls ! of scholars are afraid,
 We shou'd not, did they govern, learn to read,
 At least, in no abstruser volume look,
 Than the learn'd records—of a Cookery book ;
 The ladies too, their well-meant censure give,
 “ What !—does she write ? A flattern, as I live.—
 “ I wish she'd leave her books, and mend her cloaths,
 “ I thank my stars I know not verse from prose ;
 “ How well soe'er these learned ladies write,
 “ They seldom act the virtues they recite ;
 “ No useful qualities adorn their lives,
 “ They make sad Mothers, and still sadder Wives.”*

FIRST LADY.

*I grant this satire just, in former days,
 When SAPPHO'S, and CORINNA'S tun'd their lays ;*
But

*But in our chaster times 'tis no offence,
 When female virtue joins with female sense;
 When moral CARTER breathes the strain divine,
 And AIKIN's life flows faultless, as her line;
 When all accomplish'd MONTAGU can spread
 Fresh gather'd laurels round her SHAKSPEARE's bead;
 When wit, and worth in polish'd BROOKES unite,
 And fair MACAULAY claims a LIVY's right.*

*Thus far, to clear her from the sin of rhyme,
 Our author bade me trespass on your time,
 To shew, that if she dares aspire to letters,
 She only sins in common with her betters;
 She bids me add—'tho' Learning's cause I plead,
 One virtuous sentiment, one generous deed,
 Affords more genuine transport to the heart,
 Than genius, wit, or science can impart;
 For these shall flourish, fearless of decay,
 When wit shall fail, and science fade away.*

T H E E N D,

INSCRIPTION.

In a beautiful Retreat called FAIRY BOWER.

AIRY spirits, you, who love
Cooling bower, or shady grove,
Streams, that murmur, as they flow,
Zephyrs bland, that softly blow;

Babbling echo, or the tale
Of the love-lorn Nightingale,
Hither, airy spirits come,
This is your peculiar home.

If you love a verdant glade,
If you love a noon-tide shade,
Hither, Sylphs, and Fairies, fly,
Unobserv'd of earthly eye.

Come, and wander every night
By the moon-beam's glimmering light,
And again at early day
Brush the silver dews away.

Mark

Mark where first the daisies blow,
Where the bluest violets grow,
Where the sweetest linnet sings,
Where the earliest cowslip springs :

Where the largest acorn lies,
Precious in a Fairy's eyes ;
Sylphs, tho' unconfin'd to place,
Love to fill an acorn's space.

Come, and mark within what bush
Builds the blackbird, or the thrush,
Great his joy, who first espies,
Greater his, who spares the prize.

Come, and watch the hallow'd bow'r,
Chase the insect from the flower ;
Little offices, like these,
Gentle souls, and Fairies please.

Mortals ! form'd of groffer clay,
From our haunts keep far away,
Or, if you shou'd dare appear
See, that you from vice are clear.

Folly's minion, Fashion's fool,
Mad Ambition's restless tool,

Slave

Slave of passion, slave of power,
Fly, ah! fly this tranquil bower.

Son of Avarice, soul of frost,
Wretch, of Heaven abhorr'd the most,
Learn to pity others wants,
Or avoid these hallow'd haunts.

Eye, unconscious of a tear
When Affliction's train appear,
Heart, that never heav'd a sigh
For another, come not nigh.

But, ye darling sons of Heaven,
Giving freely what was given,
Who, like Providence, dispense
Blessings of benevolence ;

You, who wipe the tearful eye,
You, who stop the rising sigh,
You, who well have understood
The luxury of doing good ;

Come, ye happy virtuous few,
Open is my bower to you ;
You these mossy banks may press,
You, each guardian Fay shall bless.

H

A PRO-

A PROLOGUE to HAMLET,

Spoken by the late Mr. POWELL, on
his Benefit-Night, at the THEATRE, at
Jacob's-Well, near *Bristol*, in 1765.

WHEN genius flourish'd and when SHAKESPEAR wrote,
When *Plays* nor wanted wit, nor *Prologues* thought;
Phœbus, to crown a merit so confess'd,
Decreed this boon to make his darling blest'd;
Two beauteous daughters of immortal Jove,
(Enchanting virgins, form'd alone for love,)
He brought, and both beside the Poet plac'd,
Who each admir'd, and each by turns embrac'd;
He knew not which to leave, nor which to chuse,
This was the comic, that the tragic Muse;
Now, blithe THALIA, buxom, debonair,
Seem'd all his wish, ambition, pride and care:
Then, sweet MELPOMENE his soul possess'd,
She was the gentlest, softest, loveliest, best;

To

To strains harmonious each attunes her lyre,
 With solemn sweetness, or with living fire;
 Perplex'd—the charm'd, divided Poet stood,
 Transported, lost,—alternately subdu'd,
 Phœbus the wav'ring of his soul descry'd,
 And pass'd his leave to make *each* fair his bride,
 The God--strange sentence! tho' 'twas given on high,
 For this one time allow'd *Polygamy*;
 Th' enraptur'd bard unites each jarring wife,
 And, wondrous tale! adores them both for life.

To-night, for *your* applause, *my* dearest fame,
 I bring an offspring of the *tragic* Dame;
 No thundering hero angry Jove defies,
 Nor impious lover storms against the skies,
 To draw the gen'rous sympathetic tear,
 The *filial virtues* shall to-night appear;
 A flame so holy, and so chaste a zeal,
 As Heav'n might look on, or as Saints might feel;
 Beauties on beauties strike the dazzled eyes,
 New beauties still on former beauties rise:
 Oh nature! whence this pow'rful, magic sway,
 That from our bosoms steals our souls away?

If, to draw characters most justly bright,
 To contrast light with shade, and shade with light,
 To trace up passions to their inmost source,
 And greatly paint them with uncommon force,
 If these, obedient still to nature's laws,
 Excite our wonder, and exact applause,
 Be these, immortal SHAKESPEAR, ever thine ;
 To feel, to praise, and to adore them, *mine* :
 Engrave thy genuine feelings on this breast,
 Be all my bosom with thy stamp impress'd !

Pardon this tribute *—Nature will have way,
 To SHAKESPEAR *Nature* must her tribute pay.
 Nor think presumption claims too large a part,
 If I aspire to boast a grateful heart :
 Oh gratitude ! thou deity confess'd,
 Thou angel passion in a human breast,
 Forgive, if dearer to my soul than fame,
 I steal one ray of thy celestial flame,
 With honest transport bring the spark divine,
 And offer it, as incense, at this shrine †.

* Weeps,

† To the Audience,

A P R O-

A P R O L O G U E,
To the TRAGEDY of KING LEAR:

Spoken at the Theatre in *King-Street, Bristol*, by
the late Mr. POWELL, to introduce Mrs.
POWELL, who appeared in the Part of
CORDELIA.

W I T H grateful joy, with honest pride elate,
See, a Triumvir * of our little state!
In ancient *Rome*, by custom 'twas decreed,
That civic crowns shou'd be the victor's meed;
Let victors wear the gift of public laws,
—*My* noblest civic crown is *your* applause!

Thou, at whose shrine we nightly sacrifice,
Thou God of pathos, soul of SHAKESPEAR, rise!
Teach me thy melting, thy persuasive art,
To wake the tenderest feelings of the heart.

Blush

* The Theatre was conducted by three Managers, of which
Mr. POWELL was one.

Blush not, ye good, ye grave, to shed a tear,
It falls from *virtue* if it falls for LEAR :
No wild, licentious picture shall excite
The kindly dew-drops of your eyes to-night :
By no false colouring drawn, no lawless plan,
'Tis not the KING demands them,—'tis the MAN.

Let meaner bards, uncertain of success,
Cloath their thin thoughts in all the pomp of dress :
When mighty Kings appear, let meaner bards
Place royalty in trappings, state and guards ;
Our SHAKESPEAR scorns such paltry, futile arts,
He, whilst he charms you, meliorates your hearts :
Rouses each nobler feeling of the mind,
His volume *nature*, and his theme *mankind* ;
For this, eternal honors grace his name,
And never-dying laurels crown his fame !

The hoary monarch of to-night aspires
To kindle *pity's* lamp at *nature's* fires.
Weakness and passion, tenderness and rage,
The fire of youth, the frowardness of age,
With filial cruelty's acutest sting,
Rend the sad bosom of a wretched King :

Un-

Unworthy, 'till by crushing woes distress'd,
Greatest when fall'n, and noblest when oppress'd.

Now let me, trembling, lift an anxious eye,
And touch each chord of soft humanity ;
Let me, in each kind face, read sweet applause,
Whilst I presume to plead a *woman's* cause ;
To-night—the second æra of my life,
I venture here my *pupil*, more—my *wife* !
Imagine all her doubts, and all her fears,
Her soft alarms, her apprehensive tears ;
No sanguine hope her aching bosom fires,
No fancied fame her timid soul inspires ;
Indulge her with the sunshine of *your* praise,
A frown wou'd kill her, as a smile cou'd raise :
The fearful blossom, will, with joy, expand,
If kindly nurtur'd by your fost'ring hand.
Come then, CORDELIA, come ! for sages tell
'Tis worthy praise but to *endeavour* well ;
Thus, hand in hand, to the same point we'll tend,
Nature our *means*, morality our *end*.

If modest hope be crown'd, if sweet success,
Her humble wish, her rising efforts bless :

She'll

She'll think 'twas *here* her trembling steps first mov'd,
 And be more grateful, as she's more approv'd ;
You she'll esteem her friends, her fame, her fate,
 And from this hour her future fortunes date ;
 Then smile, propitious smile, and make for life
 One grateful *Husband*, and one happy *Wife*.

T H E E N D.

Lately published by the same Author,

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 ded, Sensibility, a Poem, 3d Edit. 4s. in boards.

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Ode to Dragon.

